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Do You Know it by Heart?

They that go down to the sea in ships,
That do business in great waters;
These see the works of the Lord,
And his wonders in the deep.

For He commandeth,
And raiseth up the stormy wind
Which lifteth up the waves thereof.

They mount up to the heaven,
They go down to the depths.
Their soul is troubled.

He maketh the storm a calm,
So that the waves thereof are still.
Then are they glad because they be quiet.
So He bringeth them to their desired haven.

Oh that men would praise the Lord
for His goodness.
And for His wonderful works.
To the children of men!

It was as a close and practical preacher that Mr. Sumner first riveted the royal attention. On one occassion the King is known himself to have selected the subject. He requested his uncompromising chaplain to preach on the parable of the talents. The royal command was, of course, obeyed. The King listened most attentively to the sermon; in the after part of the day he warmly thanked the preacher, and added these remarkable words:—

'Sumner, you make me tremble at my own responsibility!'

—'The Living and the Dead.'

Does Everything Happen for the Best?

It sounds pious to say that everything happens for the best. But it is not Scriptural, and it is not true. Many things happen because of sin, and sin is never for the best. Paul says that where sin abounded, grace did much more abound. But we are not, therefore, to suppose that God was dependent on sin for the manifestation or His grace, Of course, nothing ever happens that defeats God's ultimate purposes. God is able to overrule all evil and accident to His own gracious designs. But evil is evil, and God does not cause it, or desire it, or need it.

Because of the rascality of a brother, a gentleman lost his money and failed in business. That misfortune turned his attention to religious work, and he became a devoted lay evangelist. He always said that his loss of money was really a blessing. But the wickedness of the brother was not a part of God's plan. Indeed, that brother degenerated and lived an unblest life.

There are a great many bad things in this world for which God is not responsible, and which He does not desire. And in the wake of wickedness, partly connected with it oftentimes, is much sadness and sorrow. We must not ascribe all these calamities to God, and say, 'Everything happens for the best.' The Scripture does not say that all things are good, but that all things work together for good to them that love God. The world is not as God would have it. But God's power is such that He can bring His people to their highest development in the world as it is.

Leaving aside the mystery of the origin of suffering and evil, it is evident that they become servants in the hand of God for our moral training. What kind of a man could be produced in this way? Let him have everything that he desires, let him succeed in all his undertakings, let people fulfil all their engagements with him, let him never suffer accident, never be disappointed, never be misunderstood, never be sick, never be wearied, never be overworked? It is evident that no man could be so shielded and pampered without becoming selfish, self-sufficient, unsympathetic, overbearing. It is the veriest truism that men must fight, and suffer, and wait, in order to be strong.

Yet it is part of the essential experience of life to meet the foolishness and wickedness of men, and to live among material conditions. God may not directly cause them or bring them. We may be able to trace them all to their beginnings, and see how all might have been different. But God will be in them all if we are willing that he shall be. The blessed assurance for the Christian is that all of them may be helpful, and none of them harmful, and that all things may work together for his good.

Therein is the distinction between fatalism and faith. Islam is submission to fate: God's will is inevitable: man can only bow

to it, and hope in the divine mercy. But virile Christian faith is far different. Here is a world of mighty forces, in which a man must do his best. He must study and strive, he must adapt himself to the material conditions in which be finds himself, for his fortune will depend largely upon his own efforts. Here, too, is a world of persons endowed with moral responsibility, who act and react upon one another. And the Christian must meet his fellow-men in a thousand varying relations. But God is with him in the midst of all, transforming every evil into spiritual blessing, bringing good out of every accident, trouble and irritation, using every circumstance and situation that comes in the complex play of things and persons for the furthering of His High design that we shall be conformed to the image of His Son.

This noble faith is wonderfully pictured in the Book of Revelation. Whatever may be the details of interpretation of that difficult writing, its main thought is clear and beautiful. On the earth are persecutions and calamities, war and pestilence. There is all manner of iniquity. God is not the cause of it, but strange powers of wickedness disobedient to His will are. The dwellers on earth in the midst of the awful perplexities cannot see any sign that God is caring for them. But every chapter reveals that God is on the throne, and the Lamb is with Him. Love is at the heart of the universe. And that Love is omnipotent, and seeth the end from the beginning. At last the end is revealed. Every evil vanishes, and the saints who have come out of the tribulation are seen to have been purified in the process, while a new earth reveals God's power to bring out all things well.

Everything does not happen for the best, but out of everything that happens God will bring the best to the soul that is believing and responsive.—The 'Sunday School Times.'

The Good Sheperd.

How, in all ages, God's people have loved this metaphor of sheep and shepherd to idealize the relations between their God and themselves. Five hundred times you will find 'sheep' mentioned in the book, usually with some symbolic interest or meaning. In the dreams of the prophets, the songs of the poets and psalmists, the Lamb became their national emblem—a wonderful combination of helplessness and power, weakness and omnipotence—gentleness and might. In the vision of the Apocalypse, one of the elders before the throne speaks to the weeping seer, 'weep not; behold the lion of the tribe of Judah hath prevailed to open the book!' John lifts his head to behold the lion of Judah, 'And I looked, and lo, a Lamb!' And this type of gentleness and innocence did what 'no man in heaven, nor on earth, neither under the earth, was able' to do—he took the book from the hand of him that sat on the throne, and broke the seals thereof. And the loud songs of praise that filled the universe of God with worship, a harmony of glory from the voices of 'every creature, which is in heaven and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them,' ascribed 'power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory and blessing, for ever and ever,' not unto the lion of Judah, but 'unto the Lamb.' 'Art thou then a king?' asked Pilate. 'Thou sayest that I am a king.'

'King of the Jews,' Pilate wrote above the thorn-crowned head. 'I am the Good Shepherd,' Jesus wrote on the hearts of men. To the child Jesus, I think the shepherd psalm must have been as sweet as it is to our children, who learn it long, long years before they can appreciate it, and love it, many, many years before they know why.

What keeps the sheep together? Love for one another? Not primarily. A common love for the shepherd, first. They follow him. When one sheep follows another, they are both lost. They wander out into the mazes of the wilderness. The best sheep makes never an infallible shepherd. 'One is your Master—one is your shepherd—even Christ.' As he leads the 'sheep of his hand and the people of his pasture' on and on, in the perfection of time and events 'there shall be one flock and one shepherd.'

Oh, beloved, we will have to love one another in heaven—the upper fold of his flock. Why not begin now, that all the way of the pilgrimage may have in it this foretaste of heaven? We can love each other in spite of our dislikes. In the happiest church I ever knew, there are lots of things about the pastor the people do not like. They do not like his voice—not one of them. Neither does he. Some of them do not like his pulpit manner; some do not like his gestures. And he, I know, does not like some things in some of the people. But, ah! how they do love each other! What need they care then, for 'dislikes'? 'Mamma does not love her little girl when she is naughty,' reproves the mother. Oh, but she does, though. She does not 'like' her little girl to tell fibs. She does not like it when the boy plays truant, or smokes cigarettes. Least of all, when he goes 'utterly bad.' But oh, love of the shepherd in the mother heart, how she does love the wayward boy! Let us not wait until we like each other, beloved. Let us begin by loving each other. The liking will follow.—Robert J. Burdette.

Wedding Hymn.

(Composed by the Bishop of Ripon for the marriage of his daughter.)

Lord, Who hast made home love to be
An angel help to us and ours,
Watching in sweet fidelity above
Our weak and cradled hours,
Bless where we love, we humbly pray,
Make strong the love love gives to-day.

Thou Who hast bidden hearts to beat,
Who makest human love so sweet,
Deign with Thy love, then, love to meet—
Father of love be near them!

They leave us, but they still are Thine,
When life with life both intertwine.
Fill Thou then love with life divine—
Father of life be near them!

Thou Who didst smile on love below,
And when the wine of life ran low,
Didst give a richer, ampler flow—
Great Son of God be near them!

Thou Who in years of grief untold
Didst love's triumphant night unfold,
Grant them the love which grows not old—
True Son of Man be near them!

Our life is Thine though life be ours,
Help us to live its fleeting hours
In use, not waste, of human powers—
Spirit of Life be near them!

Let love the rule of right maintain,
Unchanged through change and strong through pain,
Till love to perfect strength attain—
Spirit of God be near them!

Lord, Who has wisely willed
That we more of Thyself in life should see,
And makest changing life to be
The unfolding of love's mystery,
Grant that as love and life shall grow,
More of Thy love we still may know.

Speaking Unadvisedly.

The celebrated preacher and theologian, Dr. Hopkins, was afflicted with a very ungovernable temper. He had a brother-in-law, a member of the legal profession, who was an infidel. This man was accustomed to say to his family, 'Dr. Hopkins is, at heart, no better than I am, and I will prove it to you some day.' One evening Dr. Hopkins called upon his brother-in-law to adjust some business matters in which they were mutually concerned. The infidel, knowing well the weak point in the doctor's character, set up the most unjust claims for the purpose of exciting his anger. The attempt was a success. Dr. Hopkins left the house in a rage, closing the door behind him with much violence. 'There!' exclaimed the infidel to his family, 'you see now the truth of what I have told you, that Dr. Hopkins is, at heart, no better than I am: and now I have got my foot on his neck, and I will keep it there.' Dr. Hopkins, however, went immediately home to his closet, and spent the entire night there in prayer to God. As the morning dawned an ineffable peace pervaded his whole being. Hastening to his brother-in-law's residence, he confessed with tears, to him and his family, the sin which he had committed in their presence, not saying one word about the graceless provocation which had occasioned the sin. As the man of God retired from the house, the infidel said within himself, 'There is a spirit in my brother-in-law which I do not possess, and that spirit is undeniably divine.' Thus convicted, he renounced his infidel principles, became a Christian, and ultimately a preacher of the Gospel which he had once despised. Thirty years afterwards, Dr. Hopkins stated that since that memorable night no temptation or provocation that he had received had ever once stirred a motion of that evil temper within him.—Dr. A. Mahon.

Because I Believe in the Holy Ghost.

In this age of faith in the natural, and disinclination to the supernatural, we want especially to meet the whole world with this credo, 'I believe in the Holy Ghost.' I expect to see saints as lovely as any that are written of in the Scriptures—because I believe in the Holy Ghost. I expect to see preachers as powerful to set forth Christ evidently crucified before the eyes of men, as powerful to pierce the conscience, to persuade, to convince, to convert, as any that ever shook the multitudes of Jerusalem, or Corinth, or Rome—because I believe in the Holy Ghost. I expect to see churches, the members of which shall be severally endued with spiritual gifts, and animating and edifying one another, every one moving in spiritual activity, commending themselves to the conscience of the world by their good works, commending their Saviour to it by a heart-engaging testimony—because I believe in the Holy Ghost. I expect to see villages where all the respectable people are now opposed to religion, the proprietor ungodly, the nominal pastor unworldly, all that take a lead set against living Christianity—to see such villages, summoned, disturbed, divided, and then reunited, by the subduing of the whole population to Christ—because I believe in the Holy Ghost. I expect to see cities swept from end, their manners elevated, their commerce purified, their politics Christianized, their criminal population reformed, their poor made to feel that they dwell among brethren—righteousness in the streets, peace in the homes, an altar at every fireside—because I believe in the Holy Ghost. I expect to see the world overflowed with the knowledge of God; the day to come when no man shall need to say to his neighbor, 'Know thou the Lord;' but when all shall know him, 'from the least unto the greatest;' east and west, north and south, uniting to praise the name of the one God, and the one mediator—because I believe in the Holy Ghost.—Wm. Arthur, D.D., in the Michigan 'Advocate.'

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A beautifully colored
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BOYS AND GIRLS

A Striking Summary.

Joseph Cook, not long before his death, wrote, at the request of the editor of the 'Christian Endeavor World,' a characteristic message for Christian Endeavorers:—

'Man's life means
Tender 'teens,
Teachable twenties,
Tireless thirties,
Fiery forties,
Forcible fifties,
Serious sixties,
Sacred seventies,
Aching eighties,
Shortening breath,
Death,
The sod,
God.'

A Plucky Boy.

The story of how a Bulgarian shepherd boy became a head schoolmaster in his own country is told in the 'Child's Companion':

A little hut in Bulgaria made of mud and stone, was Pluck's home, and his father was so poor that he could hardly get food enough for his large family. Their clothes cost little, as they all wore sheepskins, made up with the wool outside.

Pluck was a bright, ambitious boy, with a great desire to study, and when he heard of Roberts College, at Constantinople, he determined to go there. He told his father one day, when they were away together tending sheep, that he had decided to go to college.

The poor shepherd looked at his son in amazement, and said: 'You can't go to college; it's all I can do to feed you children; I can't give you a piastre.'

'I don't want a piastre,' Pluck replied; 'but I do want to go to college.'

'Besides,' the shepherd continued, 'you can't go to college in sheepskins.'

But Pluck had made up his mind, and he went—in sheepskins and without a piastre.

He trudged sturdily on day after day until he reached Constantinople. He soon found his way to the college and inquired for the president.

Pluck asked for work, but the president kindly told him that he must go away.

'Oh, no,' said Pluck; 'I can't do that. I didn't come here to go away.'

When the president insisted, Pluck's answer was the same—'I didn't come here to go away.'

He had no idea of giving up. 'The king of France, with forty thousand men, went up a hill and then came down again,' but it was no part of Pluck's plan to go marching home again; and there hours later the president saw him in the yard, patiently waiting.

Some of the students advised Pluck to see Professor Long. 'He knows all about you Bulgarian fellows,' they said.

The professor, like the president, said there was no work for him, and he had better go away. But Pluck bravely stuck to his text, 'I didn't come here to go away.'

The boy's courage and perseverance pleased the professor so much that he urged the president to give Pluck a trial. So it was decided that he should take care of the fires. That meant carrying wood, and a great deal of it, up three or four flights of stairs, taking away the ashes, and keeping all the things neat and in order.

After a few days, as Pluck showed no signs of weakening, the president went to him and said: 'My poor boy, you cannot stay here this winter. This room is not comfortable, and I have no other place to give you.' 'Oh, I'm perfectly satisfied,' replied Pluck. 'It's the best room I ever had in my life. I didn't come here to go away.'

Evidently there was no getting rid of Pluck, and he was allowed to stay. After he had gained his point, he settled down to business, and asked some of the students to help him with his lessons in the evenings. They formed a party of six, so none of the boys found it a burden to help Pluck one evening in a week.

After some weeks, he asked to be examined to enter the preparatory class.

'Do you expect,' asked the president, 'to compete with those boys who have many weeks the start of you? And,' he continued, 'you can't go into class in sheepskins—all the boys would cry "Baa!"'

'Yes, sir, I know,' Pluck said; 'but the boys have promised to help me out. One will give me a coat, another a pair of trousers, and so on.'

Although Pluck had passed the examination, he had no money, and the rules of the college required each student to pay two hundred dollars a year.

'I wish,' said Professor Long, 'that this college would hire Pluck to help me in the laboratory and give him a hundred dollars a year.'

Pluck became the professor's assistant. But where was the other hundred coming from?

President Washburn sent an account of Pluck's poverty and great desire for education to Dr. Hamlin, the ex-president of Roberts college, who was in America. The doctor told the story to a friend one day, and she was so interested that she said, 'I would like to give the other hundred.'

A boy who had so strong a will was sure to find a way.

Begin Right.

'Boys,' said Mr. Wisdom, coming in through the yard, as the rain began to fall, 'put on your rubber coats and boots, and run out and clear away the heap of earth you threw up yesterday about the cistern platform. Make a little channel where the ground slopes, for the water to run off below.'

Hal and Horace thought this fine fun, and were soon at work. But presently papa called from a window:

'You are not doing that right, boys; you've turned the water towards the house. Directly it will be running into the cellar window. Turn the channel away from the house at once.'

'But this is the easiest way to dig it now, papa,' called Hal. 'We'll turn it off before it does any harm.'

'Do it right in the beginning,' said papa, in a voice that settled things. 'Begin right, no matter if it is more trouble. Then you will be sure that no harm can be done, and won't have to fix things up afterward.'

The boys did as they were told, and were just in time to keep a stream of water from reaching the cellar window.

Soon after this, Mr. Wisdom found Horace reading a book borrowed from one of the boys.

'That is not the kind of reading I wish you to have,' he said. 'Give it back at once.'

'Please let me finish the book,' pleaded Horace. 'Then I can stop reading this kind before it does me any harm.'

'No,' said papa, repeating the lesson of the rainy day; 'begin right in your reading, and in all your habits, and then you will not have to change. If you start in the right direction, it will help you to keep right to the end.'—Lutheran.

Jenny's Lesson.

'Jenny,' said a very tired mother to her daughter one afternoon, 'will you help me sew this braid on your sister's dress?'

'O, mother, how can you ask me to help you, when you know that it takes all my time to make these pictures?'

'What pictures?' inquired her mother.

'Why a lot of us girls met yesterday at Kate Easton's house and formed a club. We call it the 'Busy Workers,' because we will be always helping the poor. We are making pictures for the poor sick children in the New York hospital. Do you not think it a good plan?'

'Perhaps it is,' said her mother absently.

'So Jenny, leaving her mother to sew on the braid, started upstairs to make pictures. She had not been up there very long when Kate Easton came in.

'Well, Kate,' said Jenny, 'I thought that you were never coming.'

'I would have been here sooner, but we had company at dinner and Chloe had so many dishes to wash that I stayed to help her.'

'Well, Kate Easton, you shock me! The very idea of you helping your servant,' said Jenny, very much surprised.

'Now look here, Jenny, didn't we form a club, and each promise to do all we could to help others?'

'Well, that hasn't anything to do with helping servants wash dishes,' said Jenny.

'Yes, it has, too. I couldn't go out trying to help other people all the time knowing that mother or some of the servants would be glad for my help. Do you think that you could?'

'Oh, I don't know,' said Jenny.

After a pleasant afternoon, at tea time Kate went home. As soon as she was gone, Jenny came downstairs and went to her mother. 'Mother,' she said, 'have you sewed the braid on Nettie's dress?'

'No,' replied her mother, 'I have not been able to get it done.'

'Then I will help you, mother; and after this I mean always to help you first, and then work for others that I can help.'

And after that Jenny always helped the people inside her home first, and then helped outsiders all that she could.

—'M. C. Advocate.'

The Invalids of the Bible.

('Christian Age.')

'Yes,' said the cheery invalid, as she dropped her magazine, 'for those of us who can't do much but read, it's a good thing that "of the making of many books there is no end." One needs to read a good many, if only to help one to appreciate more fully those that we have always had.

'There is still room for another book. There are so many books about things in the Bible, and some of them apparently written to make it unnecessary for us to read the Bible. Well, there's one that hasn't been written as yet, and so we must go back to the Bible itself. You have seen those volumes about "The Heroes of the Bible," "The Rulers of the Bible," "The Women of the Bible," "The Plants of the Bible," and all the rest—a score or maybe a thousand, of such titles, and good enough books, I dare say, in their way. Now, did it ever occur to you that quite a book could be made on "The Invalids of the Bible?" I could almost write it.

'There's Job, for example. No thoroughly well person could write for this proposed new book the chapter about Job. But there are things of his condition which an invalid can understand. Take that of the manservant not coming when he called. You smile, but Job saw nothing to smile at. And how he dropped out of sight of his familiar friends, who went right on their way and forgot him. Even his wife grew unsympathetic. People who are well do not mean to be unsympathetic, but they always attach a certain culpability to sickness, in spite of their efforts to be helpful. And there are the friends who told Job that they were comforting him just as he had been in the habit of comforting others. It was true, of course, but for that reason it was not the thing to say.

'Then there was Elijah. A person in good health would suppose that he would have broken down during the strain of those long three years of waiting and suspense. But some of us who have been through it know just why it was that he broke down only when it was all over—when the rain had come and the prophets of Baal has been slain, and the Lord had sent fire from heaven. And think how the Lord treated him! Sent him off on a journey, change of air, and no occasion to worry about what he was to eat——"

'And you will not forget the vision at Horeb?'

'No, indeed; but after nervous prostration one sometimes needs a change to be

able to hear the still, small voice. And God was very patient till Elijah was rested and in a reasonable mood. Our human friends seldom have so much tact, and nervous prostration is such an unreasonable disease, and to a well person so needless!

Then there was the woman who touched the hem of Christ's garment. In how few words the whole story is told! She had been sick twelve years she had suffered many things of many physicians; she had spent all she had; she was no better, but rather worse — there you have the whole story! I can just imagine how her relatives tried to dissuade her from going after Jesus. "You'll just tire yourself out; you will not be able to walk so far; you'll be worse after the excitement is over," and all that!

'There are books that tell people how to get well, and they are a blessing. There are books that tell people how to live so as to keep well; they are a greater blessing, and the Bible is the best of them. But there are some of us who can't get well, and some who must be a long time about it.

'I read the magazines and the novels and the stories of adventure, and something more solid besides; but here under my pillow I keep the Book which contains not only the Lord's remedy for sickness and sin, but a divine compassion for us even while we are sinners, and a lot of comfort even while we are sick. It is something to be helped out of life's trials; but there are times when we appreciate even more the help that helps us in them and through them.'

If I Were a Girl Again.

(By Lucy Keeler.)

If I were a girl again—if some benignant fairy should touch me with her wand and say, Be a girl again, and I should feel bursting over me the generous impulses, the enthusiasm, the buoyancy, the ambition, that belong to sixteen—some things I should do, and some things I should not do, to make me at fifty the person whom now at fifty I should like to be.

First of all, I should study self-control—the control of body, of speech, of temper; a power best learned in youth before the current of habit has deepened the channel of self-will and impetuosity that seems to be cut in every human heart. I should count one hundred, like Tattycorum, before I would allow myself to utter unkind, impulsive words; I should scorn to burst into tears because of some petty correction or grievance; I should learn to sit quietly, to close a door gently, to walk calmly, even when my thoughts were boiling within me.

I should shun, if I were a girl again, the tendency to be sensitive and suspicious. Because my friend talks to another person, or because a group of acquaintances seem to be enjoying themselves apart from me, I should not fancy myself neglected. I should not construe thoughtlessness into intentional slights, nor abstraction into indifference. I should say oftener to myself, 'My friend did not see that I was here; she has not heard of my return; she is busy with her music; she is tired after her journey. I will trust in her friendship, just as I would have her trust in mine.'

If I were a girl again, I should be more careful about my conversation. I should beware of slang and gossip and a tendency to drop into silence. I should avoid sarcasm like the plague, remembering that the person who uses it shows her sense of her own inferiority. Nobody ever had so many enemies as Disraeli; and it is to be remembered that sarcasm was his most powerful weapon. I should practice the art of such gay repartee as is free from satire and unkindness, learning to tell a story well, and to dwell upon what is kindly and happy. I should be more ready to express my appreciation and thanks for services rendered; be quicker with my praise and tardier with my criticism. I should cultivate a distinct enunciation, enlarge my vocabulary, and remember Lord Chesterfield's dictum, "never to utter one word even in common conversation, that should not be the most expressive with which the language could supply him.'

If I were a girl again, I should be a better student. I should worry less over my lessons, and potter less; but I should think as I study, and try to understand statements in one reading rather than by saying them over and over, like a parrot. I should be more thorough, not passing to one lesson until I had mastered the last; and I should be ashamed of poor spelling or illegible handwriting or faulty pronunciation.

I should be more scrupulous about making and keeping engagements; I should be less daunted by obstacles and defeat, and be less, I hope the slave of petty but annoying habits.

These things I should do if I were a girl again. But suppose I have passed my girlhood! Suppose I am thirty! Still shall I not at fifty wish that I could retrieve the past twenty years? Should I not employ them differently? Again, say I am fifty. At seventy could I not better use those precious years of preparation? There is always a golden age, soon to be behind us, which at every period of our life is before us—just as to-morrow's yesterday is still to-day. So we may all take courage. It is never too late to mend.—From 'If I Were a Girl Again.'

A Rich Boy.

'Oh, my!' said Ben, 'I wish I were rich, and could have things like some of the boys who go to our school.'

'I say, Ben,' said his father, turning around quickly. 'How much will you take for your legs?'

'For my legs!' said Ben, in surprise.

'Yes. What do you use them for?'

'Why, I run, and jump, and play ball, and oh, everything.'

'That's so,' said the father. 'You wouldn't take $10,000 for them, would you?'

'No, indeed,' said Ben, smiling.

'And your arms. I guess you wouldn't take $10,000 for them, would you?'

'No, sir.'

'And your voice. They tell me you sing quite well, and I know you talk a little bit. You wouldn't part with that for $10,000, would you?'

'No, sir.'

'And your good health?'

'No, sir.'

'Your hearing and your sense of smell are better than $5,000 apiece, at the very least; don't you think so?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Your eyes, now. How would you like to have $50,000, and be blind the rest of your life?'

'I wouldn't like it at all.'

'Think a moment, Ben; $50,000 is a lot of money. Are you sure you wouldn't sell your eyes for that much?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then they are worth that much, at least. Let's see, now,' his father went on, figuring on a sheet of paper. 'Legs, $10,000; arms, $10,000; voice, $10,000; hearing, $5,000; taste, $5,000; good health, $10,000; and eyes, $50,000; that makes $100,000. You are worth $100,000 at the very lowest figures, my boy. Now run and jump, throw your ball, laugh, and hear your playmates laugh, too. Look with those $50,000 eyes of yours at the beautiful things around you, and come home with your usual appetite for dinner, and think now and then how rich you really are.'

It was a lesson Ben never forgot, and since that day, every time he sees a cripple or a blind man, he thinks how many things he has to be thankful for. And it has helped him to be contented.

—'S. S. Messenger.'

Hold Fast What Thou Hast.

If a man want to make progress he must first see to it that he is able to hold what he already has. A young man who neglects the property which his father has left him can hardly succeed in business for himself. He who fails in attention to old friends will be of little value to new ones. There is no hope of scholarship to a student who refuses to make available the researches of scholars who have gone before him. When you hear a man sneering at the faith or the doctrines of his fathers, be sure that his own faith and doctrines will be of little value to his children. If he cannot hold the best things his father left him he will not be likely to leave anything worth holding to them that come after him.—H. Clay Trumbull.

Family Enjoyment a Lost Art.

In the hurry and bustle of these modern times, our homes seem to be degenerating into places where we eat and sleep, and nothing more. In how few families it is the custom to gather round the fire at night, with books and sewing and cheerful talk. Nine times out of ten it is the father and mother who drowsily nod in the dining room, while the daughter entertains her beau over in the parlor, from which every other member of the family is rigidly excluded, and the sons hang around the village store.

Parents do not, as a rule, seek that intimacy with their children which should exist, and they forget that some day the young hearts will be closed against them by the reserve of older growth. It is hard, then, often impossible, to win their confidence.

There is a widespread discontent with the confinement of the domestic circle among women, and the children are quick to feel the effect of this spirit in the home. Sometimes the mother, over-anxious for the happiness of those God has given to her care, takes upon herself every unpleasant duty, instead of teaching them to consider her comfort and pleasure as of some importance. They are allowed to grow up with no idea of their obligations to the world or to their own families. A love of excitement and change is fostered, and by and by the home and father and mother play but a secondary part in their lives.

Let wise parents gather the little ones about them, enter more deeply into their feelings, implant in them early the feeling that home is the pleasantest place in the world; and then make an effort to have it so. It is positive injury to their moral characters to allow them to grow up careless and unconcerned, seeking all their joys outside the four walls which contain their nearest and dearest. Then perhaps the day may come again when the evening lamp, the work basket, and the merry chatter of the home circle, will shed its beneficent influence over the boys and girls.—Mary M. Willard.

Keeping Clean all the Way.

It was on a transcontinental train. We were fellow passengers and had become quite well acquainted by reason of our sharing the same section for a day or so. He was a young man full of hope and ambitions. Learning who I was, he became quite confidential and told me of his plans for the future and the purpose of his present journey.

He was on his way to a western town to marry the sweetheart of his boyhood days. On the second day, after a very dusty ride across the desert, I missed him for a time. He soon came back from the toilet room, cleanly washed and shaved, his clothing neatly brushed, and fresh linen in place of the soiled.

I said to him: 'You must be getting near the end of your journey, where you will meet your future bride.'

'Oh, no,' said he; 'I find that the best way to be clean at the end of the journey is to keep clean all the way along.'

Oh, if the young men and women of our day would not put off cleaning-up time until the end of the journey! If they would not think that they will have time enough to prepare to die! If they could only be made to realize that it is a far more serious thing to live than it is to die, and that the only way to be clean at the end of the journey is to get clean now and keep clean.—Rev. Bruce Kinney.

St. Cecilia of the Court

By ISABELLA R. HESS.

By special arrangement with the Publishers, The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and London.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

If the Saint was glad to see Puddin', then Puddin' was quite as glad to see her; in the luxuriousness of his new surroundings—for beside his accustomed squalor, the light and cleanliness and daintiness were luxurious indeed—he had longed for the loving fondness of Cecilia's voice. He saw her when she entered the door, and almost with his glad cry of 'Celie!' her arms were around him, and she was kissing his pale little face.

He was not the same Puddin' that had been carried out of the Court a week ago. This Puddin' was paler and thinner, but his hair was smoothly brushed, his face had no tear streaks, and Cecilia noticed that even his finger nails were clean. She wondered how they had ever managed to get them so clean—with all her care and vigorous use of a splinter of wood, Puddin's nails had always been a tribulation to her.

She sat down next the bed and stroked his hair lovingly. Dr. Hanauer saw how her whole face shone with almost maternal love as he looked at the child, and saw, too, her eyes fill suddenly with tears. She had felt, beneath the coverlet, a heavy strap. She did not understand, and looked up appealingly at him.

So he carelessly sat down on the edge of Puddin's bed, and while he drew funny pictures on a paper for Puddin' to laugh at, he explained in low tones to Cecilia that it was only by keeping Puddin's little form immovable that they could even hope to cure the spine that had been so injured; that those ugly straps and braces were going to help him on to health.

'Puddin', Puddin' darling,' she bent over him and cuddled his head in her arms, 'do they hurt?'

'Naw! Not now—anyway, not much!' Puddin' was intent upon seeing the doctor develop from a pumpkin a very funny little Brownie. 'It's bully here.'

'Ye ain't never hungry, are you, Puddin'?' The Saint's voice sounded as if she were not half convinced.

'Hungry!' Puddin' laughed aloud. 'Ye couldn't eat all yer can get, nohow!'

'Ain't yer lonesome, Puddin'? Don't you miss me nor ma?' Her voice almost quivered with dread lest he had not missed her at all.

Puddin' heard the tremor in the voice, and with the intuition of childhood guessed its cause. 'I miss you awful, Celie! I was cryin' for you, sure I was, the first night! I'm glad ma ain't here!'

'Oh, don't, Puddin', don't!' Cecilia bent over him to hush him. 'She's dead now.'

'Is she?' Puddin' answered quite complacently. 'I'm glad. She won't be hittin' me any more.'

'Puddin'!' The tears were rolling down the Saint's cheeks, which had flushed red. 'She looked grand when she was laid out! She looked good, Puddin'! You "know" she was good most times!'

'She wasn't good when she was drunk, anyway!' Puddin' had had time to think over many things during the days he had lain strapped to the bed, and he had made up his mind fully upon a few things—and this was one. 'She was most times drunk. Don't you remember, Celie? You said lots of times that she was awful when she was drunk! You said it was awful to get drunk, didn't you, Celie?'

'And she is quite right! It's worse than awful! It's beastly!' It was a strange voice that spoke, and Celie sprang to her feet quickly. Back of her stood a man who might be thirty, because his hair was so brown and his voice so young—but he might be fifty, because his eyes looked dim and his face had many wrinkles. He wore a long dressing-gown, and his hands were dug down into the pockets. Cecilia gave him one quick glance, and remembering that he might have heard Puddin's remarks about her mother, disapproved of him at once. She turned to Dr. Hanauer, and pointing at the newcomer, said curtly, 'Who's that?'

'That is Mr. Daniels—William Ever Daniels, of Brooklyn. Mr. Daniels, this is Miss Cecilia Sweeney, of New York.' The doctor's eyes twinkled and Cecilia didn't know if he were joking or not. Puddin', with his eyes fastened on Mr. Daniels, said shortly, 'I know him! I like him.'

'I "don't!"' The Saint's answer was decided.

Dr. Hanauer laid his hand upon her shoulder, and with a certain tone that made her look up at him, said, 'Puddin' says he knows him, and "likes" him! You "don't" know him, so why do you say you do not like him? That isn't fair, is it?'

'It isn't fair,' she admitted it huskily, 'but he heard what Puddin' said!'

'And if he did?' The doctor spoke in very low tones. 'Perhaps he will sympathize with you, and understand better than any one else. See, he brought Puddin' these toys, and this book.'

On the table by the bedside lay a book with such a gay cover that the Saint's eyes had spied it long before. 'Is it "yours," Puddin'?' she asked eagerly.

Puddin' nodded.

'Did "he" give it to you?'

'Yep.' Puddin's voice sounded quite gay. 'An' he read me awful funny stories out of it. One day when my back hurted awful, he read me a big long one about a feller what got shot in the heel!'

The Saint brushed her hair back with her quick familiar movement, and then stepped nearer Mr. Daniels, who was eyeing her quizzically. 'I'm sorry I said I didn't like you. If you was good to Puddin', I'll like you, even if you "did" hear.' Then she laid her hand appealingly on his arm. 'Don't you believe all he said! Don't you believe she was awful bad because she got drunk. She was good lots of times, and Jim says it was a bad angel made her drink. Puddin's so little he don't understand. Jim says maybe she tried hard to keep back, and couldn't, and God'll think of her a-tryin'!'

'...y, my dear child!' Mr. Daniels gave a quick startled glance at the doctor, and then clenched his hands tightly. 'My dear little girl! There's many another fighting the same battle and failing. Don't "you" worry about it—you're too young!'

And as if it hurt him to talk, he turned away, leaving the Saint to puzzle over what he meant.

XI.

MR. DANIELS MAKES A PROMISE TO THE SAINT.

The next few weeks seemed like an unreal dream to Cecilia. To pass one's days in a warm room, not to feel hungry, to boil Jim's tea for him when he came in at night, and to listen to him talk for an hour after—if this were not joy supreme, what could be? And to go to the hospital and see Puddin' three times a week, and ride each time, 'that' was joy inexpressible! It was hard to say whether Puddin' or the Saint enjoyed these visits the more, or Mr. Daniels, for often Cecilia met him there—unless, as he explained, his head ached so he couldn't tell Puddin's voice from an Arctic blast—then he stayed in his room, and the nurse crept silently in and out. At other times, he sat by the children's bedsides, and told them marvellous stories, or drew wonderful pictures of impossible animals, and just as impossible men. Every one seemed to like him, from the pretty nurses to the very littlest girl in the big children's ward, the little girl whose back was in a great hard case, even worse than Puddin's. He sang for the children sometimes, the funniest kind of songs that Cecilia had ever heard. Once when the littlest girl was crying because her back hurt, he sat down on the edge of her cot, and sang a song that made even Puddin' laugh, and that always made the Saint laugh, too.

'There was a little Nigger boy
Living on the Nile,
And he did have a stomach ache,
All, all the while!

'The doctor put a plaster on,
What else could he do?
It cured the little Nigger boy
While he counted two.

'The Nigger boy he laughed so loud,
He woke a crocodile,
Who chased the boy and doctor, too,
Ten miles up the Nile!'

And whether it was the song or not, the Saint did not know, but the littlest girl's sobs grew fewer and fewer, and then, before 'she' could 'count two,' she had fallen asleep. Then Mr. Daniels came back to talk to Puddin' and Cecilia. He looked at Puddin' very severely.

'Were you laughing at my singing, sir?' Cecilia thought he was cross, but Puddin' knew better. 'Yep—I liked it.'

'Did "you?"' He looked laughingly down at Cecilia, who, knowing nothing at all of society's ways, said candidly, 'No. But it was funny.'

Mr. Daniels sat down slowly, and looked at her as if he were half-amused, and half-puzzled. 'Thank you.'

'What for?' Cecilia wondered what he meant.

'What for? For being honest.' And he looked as if he meant it.

'Do you say thanks for being honest?' The Saint was rather puzzled now. 'I'd be ashamed if it wasn't.'

'Yes, I think you would—I think you would!' He noted the eyes that looked straight into his, the thin, firm mouth. 'Don't ever grow out of that! It "is" a shame to lie! Well, why don't you like that song?'

'I don't know just'—and indeed she could not express her feeling—'I like the other kind of songs—big, big ones!'

'Big ones?' Mr. Daniels was smiling at the characterization, and trying to make it fit some song he knew.

'I mean—I mean—I mean the kind they sing in church.' There, she knew now the kind she liked.

'I see.' He surveyed her slowly. 'But—children don't usually like that kind.'

Celie kin sing', remarked Puddin' irrelevantly. 'She kin sing fine!'

'Good.' Mr. Daniels dug his hands down into the pockets of his dressing gown, and made the Saint a low bow. 'Go ahead.'

(To be continued.)

SPECIAL NOTICE.—We are constantly receiving requests for back numbers of 'St. Cecilia,' which we regret to say have been exhausted. Any subscriptions now received for the Three Months' Coupon offer will therefore not be able to begin with the first chapter of the story, but must date from the current number.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

Why Annette Was Glad.

(By Adele E. Thompson, in 'The Child's Hour.')

Annette was not a pretty little girl; she had irregular features, pale eyes, a mop of dull brown hair, almost always tucked up in a knot in her neck; her nose, too, was a snub, her skin muddy, and as if all this were not enough, there was a

twist to her back, so that when she walked it was slowly and with a halting limp.

And the worst of it was that Annette herself knew all this. Of course, one couldn't very well help knowing that one's back wasn't straight, or that one limped, but Annette knew it in the way that she kept thinking and fretting about it all the time. Then, too, she had heard thoughtless persons say, 'What an ugly little girl,' and so besides her back she also cried and fretted because she had not bright blue eyes and rosy cheeks and yellow curls, till she really came to believe that no one in all the world had as much to feel badly about as herself.

Another thing that troubled Annette was that since papa died poor mamma had to work so hard, and she could do so little to help her, when she wanted to do so much. So with all this, and with thinking about herself, and pitying herself so much, Annette grew sour and peevish; a scowl began to show on her forehead, and her lips to droop down at the corners, an expression that will spoil the prettiest face, and make a homely one look oh, so much plainer; but Annette, like other little girls, did not think of this.

But Annette's face had more lines than usual as she stood at the window one April afternoon, and the lids of her eyes were red with the smart of the tears that would come. For her neighbors, Johnny and Molly Adams, Nell Neff, Pete and Bell Porter, had just gone for a picnic in the park. Not ten minutes before she had seen them racing by, and a big lump kept coming up in her throat as she thought how if she was only strong enough what a good time she, too, might be having. Mamma, too, was almost sick, and after dusting out the rooms there was hardly anything else she could do, only to limp around after her and say, 'Dear Mamma, I'm so sorry your head aches,' which mamma said was a help, though Annette couldn't see how it could be.

So it was that, as Annette stood at the window and thought of all that was denied her, her heart grew bitter and wretched. Why, she didn't even want to be comforted. Mamma, glancing toward her, guessed how she was feeling and sighed; for, beside her sorrow at all her little daughter had to bear, was the pain of seeing the look of sour discontent that was growing on her face.

By and by Annette grew tired of thinking how miserable she was, and, turning from the window to where Ellen Louise, her big flaxen-haired doll, was sitting straight and stiff in the chair where Annette had put her, she drew up her own little chair and sat down before her. 'Ellen Louise,' and she lifted a finger to be more impressive, 'I know you are feeling bad because you have to stay at home when Lady Elizabeth and Angeline have gone with Nell and Molly out to the park; but you are a great comfort to me because you always smile and look cheerful, no matter what happens or how disappointed you are.'

Then Annette stopped, for all at once the thought came to her that she didn't even try to smile or look cheerful when she felt badly, though mamma had talked to her many times about doing so. The first thing she said to herself was that she didn't care, she had nothing to look cheerful about. Then Annette stopped again. Why, there was her dear mamma, and their pleasant, sunshiny little flat, and Aunt Emma, and all the friends who were so kind to her. As she named them she felt that instead of nothing she had very many things to be cheerful for, and with a brightening look she gathered Ellen Louise in her arms and started for the next room, where her mamma sat trying to sew.

But at the door Annette paused; mamma's headashe was so bad that she had laid down her work and now from the shelf of a medicine closet she was taking down a bottle and pouring from it into a spoon.

'O Mamma, Mamma!' Annette's words were a frightened cry. 'You mustn't take that. It's not your headache medicine; it's a bottle of poison. Don't you remember telling me?'

Mamma's face went very pale.

'Annette,' and her voice trembled, 'do you know what you have just done? You have saved mamma's life. What with the pain in my head I had quite forgotten that this was a bottle of laudanum, and if you had not been here I should have taken it.'

As Annette heard her the tears came to her eyes again, but they were very different ones from those there before. 'O Mamma,' clinging tightly to her, 'do you know I'm glad now, glad that I am homely and limpy. I felt almost wicked that I couldn't go with Molly and Nell and the rest, but just think what if I had. I'll never fret about myself again, never.'

Annette's mamma bent and kissed her. 'And if ever again, dear, you are tempted to fret I hope you will remember what has happened to-day, and remember, too, that often our best good comes to us through what has been hardest to bear.'

And Annette answered, 'I see now, Mamma; I'm sure I'll never forget.'

If I Knew.

If I knew the box where the smiles are kept
No matter how large the key,
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard
'Twould open, I know, for me.
Then over the land and the sea broadcast,
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would like to gather them, every one,
From nursery, school, and street.
Then, folding and holding, I'd pack them in,
And, turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deep, deep sea.

—'Ram's Horn.'

The Best Place, After All.

'Dorothea!' came floating up the stair in a displeased tone. Dolly banged down her book. How she hated that name and Aunt Jane seemed always to be annoyed with her. Well, perhaps she hadn't dusted the parlor very well and the town cousins were coming to tea.

'Dorothea Baird, bring your duster right downstairs again and do this room properly,' went on her aunt's voice. Dolly obeyed very slowly.

'I'm sorry, Dorothea,' her aunt said, 'that you need to be watched in everything you do. You left the dairy open this morning and Towser knocked over two pans of milk. You put sugar into the gravy and forgot to take out the cake until it was burnt. Perhaps you'd better stay upstairs for a while and then you will remember better in future.' Up in her little room Dolly wept over her wrongs.

'The other little girls don't have to dust and learn to cook and they all have mothers. Oh, dear! I—I—think,' said Dorothea, 'that I'll run away.'

Downstairs her aunt was getting ready for her visitors and she did not hear Dolly creeping out. The little girl passed through the south meadow and away beyond, great white daisies brushing against her. 'Go back! go back!' they said. 'Go back, little girl.' But Dolly neither listened nor stopped.

Presently the woods grew dark and fearsome and there were strange noises all about her and Dolly grew frightened.

'Oh, oh!' she cried, 'I'm going home,' but there was no way out, and she tumbled—a little sobbing heap—down on the ground.

Hours after a light flashed into her eyes and Aunt Jane picked her up lovingly. 'I have found my little girl,' she said, and Dolly cuddled into her arms and thought aunts were almost as nice as mothers. 'Aunt Jane,' she whispered, 'I want to dust the parlor.' Aunt Jane smiled. 'Not to-night,' she said, 'but you may in the morning.'—Gina H. Fairlie, in 'Jewels.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School.

Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britian and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Carl's Lesson.

'I can't play with you any more, Amy,' said Carl, the morning he proudly put on his first trousers. 'I'll have to play with boys now, or they'll make fun of me.'

'Why, Carlie,' said Amy, ready to cry. 'We always have such good times together.'

'And you mustn't call me Carlie any more,' said Carl, with a frown. 'I'm not a baby now.'

'I'm not a baby either, but I'm going to keep on playing with my nice games and toys. I'll get Ruth to come over and play if you won't.'

'You needn't get angry,' said Carl quickly. 'I'd like to play with you, honest, but the boys would all laugh. Dolls and games are all right for girls, but boys like things like ball games and marbles.'

'I have marbles myself, and—'

But Carl was running away to join the boys in the vacant lot across the street that served for a little ball ground. Uncle Paul had given him a bat and ball to celebrate the great day when he put on trousers, and he carried the pretty silk bag filled with marbles Aunt Flora had sent for his birthday.

'What do you want, youngster?' asked a big boy, when Carl came up with his treasures. 'Better keep out of the way of the ball. You'll get hit on the head if you stand there.'

'Let's play marbles,' said a big boy, taking a few out of his pocket, and giving the others a look that Carl could not understand.

Carl was very much pleased with this, and soon the big boys had won every one of the pretty glasses and agates. 'Let's play some more,' he said, when the pretty bag was empty. 'I like this.'

'You haven't got anything to play with, silly,' cried the big boys. 'Run on home now.'

'Amy and I never play for keeps,' said Carl, beginning to cry.

'Then run on home and play with her,' said the cruel boys. 'We don't want any babies around here.'

'I guess it served me right for being naughty to Amy,' said Carl, when he sobbed out the story in mamma's arms. 'I'm going to play with her if she'll let me.'

'Of course I will,' said his little sister, 'and here is half of my marbles to put in your bag. Come on, for I'm all ready to begin.'—Hilda Richmond, in 'Herald and Presbyter.'

Correspondence

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from around here lately, I thought I would write one, and hope to see it in print soon. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday school, and would not like to be without it. I like reading very much, and the last book I read was 'Little Fishers and their Nets.' I have seen quite a few riddles in the Correspondence Page, so will send a three canary birds. My grandpapa died a year ago last November. We all miss him very much. I must close now, but I will write again. I wonder what little girl's birthday is on the same day as mine, the 30th of August.

The answer to Mabel Brebner's riddle is jail. The answer to Bessie Rattee's is a cherry, and the answer to Jessie Carroll's is a cinder sifter.

HILDA F. THOMAS.

P., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. We have six cows and two horses, whose names are

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A Fine Ride.' Nellie Miller, A.M., Ont.
2. 'Evening Prayer,' Grace M. Campbell, R. Ont.
3. 'Picking Flowers.' Jean Thompson, T., Ont.
4. 'Moustaches.' Morris Rogers, N.L., Ont.
5. 'Brownie Sailor.' John Sylvester, N.G., N. S.
6. 'A Meeting.' Liona Cunningham.
7. 'Christmas Eve.' Ida M. Nichols, S., Ont.
8. 'By the Seashore.' C. H.
9. 'The College Girl.' E. Fletcher, H., Man.
10. 'Aunt Mina out for a Walk.' Olive Haggerty, G., Ont.
11. 'Her first Cake.' Myrtle Webster, R., Assa.
12. 'A Girl' Minnie Cunningham
13. 'Soldier.' Hugh Miller, W.M., Ont.

few: Which chapter in the Bible is it that doesn't mention God's name?

MARY L. BERNARD.

P., N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger. I get it in Sunday school. I like it very much. I go to school, and am in the Fourth Reader. I am nine and a half years' old. I think th eanswer to Miss Bessie Rattee's riddle is a cherry, and to that of Charles E. Rattee a needle and thread.

ANGUS KIMBALL CAMERON.

W., N.H.

Dear Editor,—My mother takes the 'Northern Messenger,' and I am much interested in the Correspondence Page. I have never written before.

I enjoy trying to find the answers to some of the Bible questions.

I thought I would answer some of the questions.

Dorothy L. Emery asks, where the word 'razor' is found in the Bible, and what the longest word is? The word 'razor' is found in several places, but in Judges xiii., 5, and xvi., 17, it refers to Samson. I think Nebuchadnezzar is the longest word in the Bible.

ADA JAMIESON.

T., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I am a little girl thirteen years old. I am in the junior fourth reader. I am very fond of reading, and have read quite a lot of books. We have a cat, and Bessie and Kate. They are both gentle and kind. Kate is my favorite. I like her best. I go to school every day. I have three brothers and two sisters. My three brothers and I carry our dinner to school and eat it there. There are about 15 other boys and girls who eat their dinner there also. We play all sorts of games at noon-hour. I go to Sunday school. My teacher's name is Mrs. M. We get the 'Messenger' every Saturday morning. I like to read it, especially the letters. I have read a number of books; some of them are: 'Black Beauty,' 'The Homestead on the Hillside,' 'Cricket on the Hearth,' 'Pleasant Hours,' and the 'Children's Treasury.' My school teacher's name is Miss R. I like her very much. I am in the fifth book.

JESSIE H. McDONALD.

C., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I thank you very much for the beautiful game Din, sent me as a premium. I am very pleased with it. I go to school every day, and am in the high grade. I am 17 years old.

FRANK C. LEARD.

S., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have a little white and black dog called Pearl, that will stand up and walk around on his hind legs, and beg while we care eating, and I have a little white kitten which will also do the same.

I am sending some conundrums:

(1) How can it be proved that a horse has six legs?

(2) Why is a bad singer like a poor clock.

(3) If the alphabet were invited out to supper, which of the letters would get there late.

I go to school all summer and part of winter, and am in the fifth grade.

BESSIE B. (age 9).

G.

Dear Editor,—I received my Bible this evening. I am very much pleased with it. I think it is just lovely. When I got up the club I didn't expect to get anything, but I thank you very much for it.

JEAN DUNCAN.

R. H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—How can you make a slow horse fast? Ans. By tying it. The answer to V. B.'s puzzle is Andrew. Answer to Nellie Smith's: One is hard to make, the other is hard to manage.

FRANCIS GIBSON.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I started taking the 'Messenger' at the first of the year, and I like it very much. I think I have got the answer to Emory D.'s riddle. It is Andrew. I will send a riddle: What is the smallest verse in the Bible? I hope some one will answer my riddle. I am in the senior fourth class, and am twelve years old. My teacher's name is Miss W. I like her very much.

MONETA W.

M., N.S.

Dear Editor,—In the 'Northern Messenger,' I have noticed a few riddles, some of which I am going to answer.

Willie McDonald's is: 'Comes once in every minute, twice in every moment, not once in seven years?' That is the letter M.

Sarah Elsie Paul gave: 'Little Nancy Etticote, in a white petticoat, and a red nose, the longer she stands the shorter she grows?' It is a candle.

Nina Bradbury asked: 'If butter is selling at twenty-six cents a pound, how much can I get for a cent and a quarter?' The answer is one pound.

Now, I am going to give one:

A question I will ask of thee,
Come, answer, if you please,
Tell in what chapter, there's a verse
With three and fifty T's.

FLORENCE A. SPROULE.

S., N.S.W.

Dear Editor,—I am a reader of the 'Messenger,' as my Aunt Maggie, of Nova Scotia sends it to me. I like reading it very much. I go to school every day, and am in the third class. I was nine years old on the 25th of September. I have two brothers, but no sister. We go to Chalmers Presbyterian Church and Sunday school. We all got prizes at the beginning of this year for last year's lessons. I have never seen snow, for there is never any in S., and when we go up the mountains for a change of air it always is midsummer either just before or after Christmas.

EDITH M. NEWCOMB.

A Brooch Free.

If anyone knows of a Sunday School that does not distribute the 'Northern Messenger,' and will send us a post card with the names and addresses of the Superintendent, the Secretary and the Pastor, we will forward the sender by return of post one of our beautiful Maple Leaf brooches, free of all charge.

Should two persons from the same district send in this information concerning the same Sunday School, we will award the brooch to the first sender, and notify the other to that effect.

We want the information for a particular purpose, and the one sending it will be doing the Sunday School in question a good turn.

LESSON VII.—AUGUST 12, 1906.

The Parable of the Two Sons.

Luke xv., 11-32.

Golden Text.

Return unto me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord.—Mal. iii., 7.

Home Readings.

Monday, August 6.—Luke xv., 11-32.
Tuesday, August 7.—Luke xv., 1-10.
Wednesday, August 8.—Luke vii., 36-50.
Thursday, August 9.—Luke ix., 1-9.
Friday, August 10.—Matt. xviii., 1-14.
Saturday, August 11.—Hos. xiv., 1-9.
Sunday, August 12.—Ezek. xviii., 19-32.

(Davis W. Clark.)

A son in a noble and wealthy family, chafing under parental restraint, or having exhausted local means of dissipation and sighing for fresh fields of voluptuous conquest, inconsiderately requests an ante-mortem division of the estate. The indulgent father makes it. Perhaps he has no recourse; parental authority is at an end. The son's heart is callous to the appeal of love; sin has indurated him. The guileless youth, the father's pride and joy, has grown the gruff, defiant rebel to whom the amenities of home are insufferable.

In the shortest time possible the infatuated youth tucked the sparkling gems and golden bars, his patrimony in portable form, easily convertible into coin of any country, in the pockets of a money-belt, and, strapping it about his person, he went abroad—perhaps without even a ceremonious farewell.

He wasted his substance. He tossed it in the air (as per derivative), as the farmer does his wheat when he will separate it from the chaff. He lived dissolutely. He was insalvable (as per derivative) while his infatuation lasted. The coincidence of the devoured (literally) patrimony and the universal and extreme famine puts a pathetic touch to the sorry plight of the dissolute spendthrift. He was left behind (as per derivative) in the race. He never, in spite of his infatuated effort and extravagance, so much as reached the glittering goal of his wanton ambition. The gay, revelling party that kept him company while his means held out, swept past him thanklessly and disdainfully when his once plethoric purse was at last empty. He awoke as from a dream—alone! penniless!

With the pertinacity of despair he glued (literally) himself to a foreign land-owner, whom in his prosperity he would have dubbed a 'Gentile dog'—with whom he would have had no intercourse, much less receive a favor from him. In his despair he cleaves to the foreigner so tenaciously that he can not be shaken off. A superlatively disgusting and degrading task is given him,—offensive to all the senses, repugnant to all the ideas of ceremonial cleanliness instilled in his mind from boyhood.

So sharp were the pangs of hunger that he kept coveting the swine their feed—the locust pods he threw down before them. What humiliation, sorrow, despair are compressed in the half-dozen words—'And no man gave unto him.'

At last the hypnotic spell of sin is broken. Self-consciousness, self-control are regained. Memory paints the ancestral home. The flown blessing brightens. What abundance, comfort, care, there extends to the most abject menial! The veriest scullion has such a superabundance that he can pose as a benefactor before the tramp.

'I will!' What a battle-royal has preceded and made possible those talismanic words! Fear, shame, pride have been met and conquered. 'I have sinned' is the correlate of 'I will arise.' Confession absolute and frank, without apology or plea in abatement, shall be made. The penalty and consequences of apostasy, disinheritance, servitude instead of sonship, shall be assumed without a syllable of complaint.

It is done. But how different the sequel from that which the prodigal anticipated! He is met long before he can reach the door where he expected to make his confession and prefer his modest request. The father's compassion, how admirable! Kiss of reconciliation, how sweet! The first robe, richly dyed and embroidered, is cast about the bare and sunburnt shoulders. The signet of rank, is placed upon the wan finger. Bare feet, mark of servitude, are shod with the sandals of a free man. Now follows the joyous banquet.

The murmuring Pharisees can not but see themselves portrayed in the elder son, with his ill-formed, ill-natured protest. The true Messiah had come to heal the sick, raise the dead, find the lost. Will the hale, the unstrayed, those who do not need his kindly offices, begrudge them to their brothers, whose plight is so pitiable and desperate? The climax is reached, the plea unanswerable.

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

1. The 'Pearl of Parables.'
   Primary object:
   Intended to justify Jesus' attitude toward publicans and sinners.
   Pictures regenades objects of Divine compassion.
2. Secondary object:
   To picture sin as a revolt against the beneficent Father.
3. Incidental lessons.
   Freedom of the will.
   Folly of sin. Unsatisfying nature.
   Desperate consequences.
   Evangelical penitence.
   Discriminated from legal.
   The process and course of recovery.
   The Divine Compassion.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

The primary use of the parable of the Prodigal Son must not be lost sight of in its evangelical and modern applications. By it Jesus sought to justify His kindly and familiar bearing towards publicans and sinners, at which the Pharisees and scribes were so outraged. He showed the veriest regenade of Israel as still the object of Divine compassion, his restoration possible—a thing He earnestly sought.

* * * *

In its universal, gospel application this 'pearl of parables' pictures sin as a revolt against a beneficent Heavenly Father, whose law is right and just and good.

* * * *

Here is mirrored the freedom of the will. The son had his own way. He is not let or hindered, except by the pleadings of love and its faithful warnings.

* * * *

The folly of sin has no more startling exemplification. True as startling; drawn to life! How swift the 'descensus Averno!' How soon the fool and his money are parted! How irrevocable the last estate! Remediless! In the mire with swine!

* * * *

Who shall ever number the sinners to whom this parable has been the 'open sesame' to a new life? Blessed be the day in which it was spoken! 'I will arise!' 'Father, I have sinned!' The Heavenly Father meets the returning prodigal on the way.

* * * *

'Lost!' 'Dead!' Here is no minifying of the prodigal's fallen state. Lost to God; lost to heaven; dead in trespasses and sins!

* * * *

The far country is not a matter of geography. It is expressive of estrangement, of alienation from God.

* * * *

The Prodigal's theology was bad though, it showed well the strength of his compunction. It would be impossible for him to ever be his father's hired servant. He is son or nothing.

* * * *

'Sinned heaven-high and in thy sight.' Here the penitent is strictly orthodox. The turpitude of sin consists in this, that it is done against God. Judah's penitent king knew this when he cried 'Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned!' With this truth Joseph armed himself when he cried, 'How can I commit this sin against God?'

* * * *

Solomon is the example for all time of the unsatisfying nature of sin. He

'Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump
Of fame: drank early, deeply drank; drank draughts
That common millions might have quenched; then died
Of thirst, because there was no more to drink.'

Hear his dying protestations of the inadequacy of the sensuous world to satisfy an immortal: 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!'

* * * *

Joy in heaven,—that is the measure of the sinner's peril. Were sin a mere episode, a passing incident, a dilemma, extrication from which is easy, there would be nothing in that to set the joy-bells of the skies a-ringing. It is because the sinner stands on the crumbling edge of hell, on the brink of the lake that burneth with fire, where their worm dieth not and their fire is not quenched; because he stands where there is no eye to pity; no arm to deliver, except the eye and arm divine; snatched as a brand from the burning,—it is because of that there is joy in the presence of the angels of God.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, August 12.—Topic—Christ's life VIII. My favorite parable, and how it helps me. Matt. xiii., 10-17; Ps. cxix., 97-104.

Junior C. E. Topic.

CHOOSING AND FOLLOWING.

Monday, Aug. 6.—Elijah and Ahab. I. Kings xviii., 17-20.

Tuesday, Aug. 7.—Elijah's question. I. Kings xviii., 21.

Wednesday, Aug. 8.—The test. I. Kings xviii., 22-24.

Thursday, Aug. 9.—The prayer to Baal, I. Kings xviii., 25-29.

Friday, Aug. 10.—The prayer to God. I. Kings xviii., 30-39.

Saturday, Aug. 11.—'Choose you this day.' Josh. xxiv., 15.

Sunday, Aug. 12.—Topic—Choosing and following God. I. Kings xviii., 21, 36-39.

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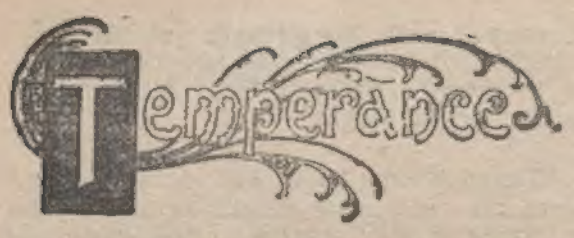

What Shall the Harvest be?

(Ruth Argyle, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Some little boys were playing behind the big barn on Mr. Thompson's farm, and sad to tell, they were using bad language; also two or three were trying to smoke cigarettes. Now, it so chanced that Mr. Thompson himself was in the barn at that time, busy over the repairs needed by some of the farm implements, and, shocked by hearing such words, accompanied by the smell of tobacco smoke, he looked out cautiously to see who were the boys so misconducting themselves. Imagine his grief at seeing his own son Willie with a cigarette between his teeth! And, alas! just as his father's eyes fell on him the filthy roll of paper and stale tobacco was removed from the boy's lips, while he used some of those very words which had so shocked Mr. Thompson.

Grieved beyond measure, the loving father resolved upon teaching his son a lesson which he should never forget. Early upon the following morning he called Willie downstairs to prepare for a day's work in the field.

'We will plant the corn lot to-day, my son. Come with me and I will show you what seed to use.'

To the boy's surprise, Mr. Thompson led the way to the ash heap and began filling his sack with the rubbish there accumulated. When the bag was full he gave it to his son, and proceeded to fill another for himself; this done, they took up their hoes and passed on to the cornfield. When the rows were all ready for the seed, Willie said:

'Shall I run back to the house, father, and get some corn to plant?'

'Certainly not, my son; we have plenty of seed here in these sacks.'

And forthwith he proceeded to drop bits of trash in the ground he had so carefully prepared. Seeing Willie struck dumb with amazement, he asked:

'Why are you not planting? You have an abundance of seed.'

'But, father, you surely don't think corn will come up if you don't plant anything but rubbish?'

'No, I don't think so; but you seem to be of a different opinion, and I thought I would try your way just for once, to see how it would work.'

More astonished and mystified than ever, Willie said:

'But, father, I never helped you to plant before. I don't see how I could have a "different opinion," or "way."'

'My son, I was in the barn yesterday when you were playing behind it, and I saw you planting the seeds of bad habits—seeds which cannot fail of yielding a large crop one of these fine days.'

Willie hid his face behind his hands while his father talked kindly and earnestly concerning the harvest he must expect to reap by-and-by.

'Could I suppose you intended seriously to sow the seeds of a bad character? No; I must infer that you expect to gather in a harvest of good things sown from the seeds of evil you were sowing, hence I am following your example. Now, my boy, let this thought sink deeply into your heart to-day; when you may reasonably hope to reap a crop of corn or wheat perfected from seed taken from that heap of rubbish yonder, then—not till then—may you expect to reap the harvest of a good character, an honored name, from the seed you were sowing yesterday—bad language and the use of vile tobacco. If you wish to be a good man, you must be a good boy, for "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."'

'Indeed, I won't sow any more rubbish-seed father; but the other boys were all talking slang, and some were smoking.

'Well, my son, whenever you start out to plant any kind of habit seed, just stop and ask yourself, "What shall the harvest be? Wheat for the Master's garner, or tares for Satan?" You will be safe then. Now let us go back for some corn.'

The House that Jack Drank.

You've all heard of the house that Jack built. It was a house all stored full of malt, and malt, you know, is what they make beer of, and beer is what people drink to make them stupid, and silly, and quarrelsome, and drunk.

Now, this story is about the house that Jack drank. No one can build a house of malt without some others drink houses. This Jack had a very nice little five-room cottage, in which he and his wife and three little children lived. He was a workman, and every Saturday night brought his wages home to pay the butcher's bill, the baker's bill, the grocer's, the rent of the house, and to buy clothes for the family.

But one Saturday night, as he was coming home, a fellow-workman said: 'Jack, stop and come in a bit with me here, and have something.'

'Don't care if I do,' said Jack. He went in, and Tom treated him to a glass of beer.

Then he felt that it would be mean unless he treated Tom. And so ten cents out of his week's wages went to pay for beer.

The next Saturday night he stopped again, and then it was twenty cents, instead of ten. And the next time it was a dollar.

So, by and by, there was nothing to pay the butcher, and the baker, and the grocer. Then the children were taken sick, because they did not have food enough, and the doctor had to come in and give them medicine. There was his bill, and the druggist's to pay, and nothing to pay with.

So Jack said, 'I will go and borrow some money.' The man of whom he borrowed took a mortgage upon his house, and whatever was not needed to pay the bills, Jack spent in the bar-room for more beer.

When the mortgage became due, Jack had become so shiftless and drunken that he had no money with which to pay it. So the man who had loaned him the money sold his house, and drove him and his wife and children out into the street.

Now, what had become of his house? Something had been done with the money which he had obtained for it. His wife and children had not eaten it, because they had not enough to eat. They had not worn it on their backs, because their backs were only covered with rags.

So, you see, there is another part to the story of 'The House that Jack Built.' Whenever Jack builds a house of malt, some other Jacks must drink their houses up from the heads of their families to keep the first one going.—Selected.

A Man Who Was 'Odd.'

No one could deny that James McIntosh was a man of pronounced individuality, and there were those who called him odd, stubborn and wearisome.

He was fond of talking. It was difficult to disengage oneself from him when once he began a conversation, and the length of his addresses in prayer-meeting was a source of amusement. He always spoke in meeting once, and sometimes more than once. He spoke thoughtfully, for he was given to thought, but he seldom spoke briefly, and that fact occasioned a frequent and almost habitual smile.

The McIntosh children, who were brought up to attend the weekly meeting, grew sensitive about it, and were glad of an excuse to stay away. And loving their father though they did, they grew accustomed to flush when he rose to speak.

Mr. McIntosh was not pleased with the minister's proposal that one meeting a month should be given over to the consideration of special topics, assigned to appointed speakers. It was an abridgment of his time-honored prerogatives, and when the new method went into operation, he rose in protest, swinging his long arms in a complete circle in his emphatic gesture of objection. Every one wondered what the minister would say in answer; but he only said, 'Let us pray,' and ended the prayer with the benediction.

However, the new movement had its effect, and James McIntosh felt in his unconquerable soul something of the hopelessness of opposition to the innovation. His wife, a dear little woman, and his children dissuaded him from any further objection, and he ceased to speak at the monthly meeting, and spoke less frequently at the regular one.

He lost something of his interest in the home meetings, and attended those of a rescue mission, and now and then was to be found at a Salvation Army meeting, mounted on a chair and exhorting to his heart's content.

James McIntosh died a few months ago, and some persons said, 'He was a good man, but odd, very odd.'

Yes, he was odd. In the rescue mission one night he found a drunkard, penniless and discouraged, and knelt beside him in long and earnest prayer; and when they rose from their knees, the man asked him, 'What shall I do to-morrow?'

Mr. McIntosh gave him employment in his own factory, and that night when the whistle blew sent his office boy to bring the man to the office, walked home with him, past thirty grog-shops, and saw him safely inside his door. Not only so, but he left his home half an hour earlier the next day, and walked to the factory with him, and home with him again that night.

Five months, morning and night, that busy employer walked back and forth with that man. By the end of that time the man was thoroughly reformed, had conquered his appetite, had found new joy in his home, and had an account in the savings bank, and a membership in the church.

The reformed man was promoted till he became foreman in his department, and sometimes himself walked home with other men. At last, after some years, he died, a few weeks before his employer. He left an estate valued at many thousand dollars and a good name.

At the funeral of James McIntosh two women in black sat not far apart, and at the close they wept together. One was Mrs. McIntosh, and the other the widow of the foreman. Both of them wept tears both of sorrow and joy, for both men were good men, and died honored and beloved, and both women thanked God for the oddity of James McIntosh.—'Youth's Companion.'

The Nourishment in Beer.

Professor G. Sims Woodhead, M.D., who was the principal speaker at the Sweated Industries Exhibition, at the Queen's Hall, London, recently, whilst lecturing to a large audience on 'Nutrition and Sweating,' was asked by a lady member of the audience if beer was nourishing. 'Well,' Professor Woodhead replied, 'as some of you know, I have very strong opinions on that subject. I will simply quote Mr. Hutchinson, who is a recognized authority. He maintains that there is as much nutriment in a pennyworth of bread as there is in eighty-pennyworth of beer.'

An Austrian Government circular throws a lurid light on beer-drinking. I give a brief extract:—'Alcoholic drinks (including wine, beer, and whiskey, all of which contain the same poison—alcohol) are not mere deceivers; they always cause damage and often death. Scarcely an organ of the body is exempt from their influence—stomach, liver, and heart. Not merely whiskey, but beer and wine also injure these organs. The injury from beer is not from the alcohol alone, but also from the uncalled-for quantities of liquid beer-drinkers take into their stomachs. Weakening of the heart-muscle and the blood-vessels are the consequences of such use of beer. In beer-drinking countries these diseases are very common. In Munich ("the capital of beerdom," as a German doctor calls it) every sixteenth man dies of what is called beer-heart. There also apoplexy and kidney disease abound, owing to "good Bavarian beer."'

HOUSEHOLD.

The Baby.

The baby's second summer. Every mother knows what that means. The poor little pilgrim has already found the earth a place of tears and pain. Those teeth, coming so fast, and, as they come, occasioning so much disturbance in the fragile little frame, what a source of peril and irritation they are to the babe and of anxiety to his parents!

Keep the baby in comfort. Dress him loosely, and simply, with soft, thin, woollen garments next the skin. Give him a sponge bath when he cries uneasily and fretfully. See that there is no chafing of the soft flesh, and that no pins are pricking him in unsuspected places. Let his food be properly cooked and given at regular intervals, and attend to it either yourself, or let it be prepared by a trustworthy person. Let the little one be outdoors much of the time, and if he is ill, and a physician is to be had, send for one promptly.

Frail as the life of an infant is, and quickly as the silver thread may be snapped, yet a young child rallies in a way impossible to an adult. A child very sick indeed to-day may be frisking about merrily to-morrow.

Never despair of the recovery of a little one while life lasts, but do not trifle with the beginnings of disease. Prompt measures at first are often half the battle.—'Christian Globe.'

Dainty Dishes of Vegetables.

Seasonable Suggestions for the Summer Table.

'It was necessity which developed my taste for vegetable dishes,' says a woman who is noted for the excellent table she sets and the quality of her cooking, 'and it was only after some study that I was able to serve three appetizing meals a day and not have meat on the table at each. We cannot call ourselves vegetarians, but when I found the family health was not what it should be, and that the doctor laid the trouble to an overindulgence in flesh food, why, I put my wits to work, and I do not believe there is a family in the city which has a more varied table than ours, and no one would have reason to complain if the three strong men for whom I have to cater say that they are entirely satisfied to have meat only once a day.

'The trouble with most women and the bill of fare they serve to their families is that they wish to make up the menu and do the cooking "out of their own heads." It is a common weakness, but providing for a family table for at least ten months in a year is no small task, and it requires the study of receipt books and much thought to make it satisfactory and wholesome. It is marvellous how little variety there will be in a family where the mistress is an intelligent and capable woman. It all comes from carelessness, as I know from my own experience.

'There are many vegetables moderate in price that we do not even think of using. One of these is the German kohlrabi, which is not so different from cauliflower or turnips, but is more delicate than the latter, and makes an agreeable change in vegetables. To cook it:

'Peel, cut in slices, and pour on just enough water to cook. Cook until tender, and when nearly done add salt. Make a cream sauce, season with white pepper, salt, and a little grated nutmeg if liked, toss them in this sauce, let it boil up once and serve very hot. They are delicate and delicious.

'All the members of the cabbage family are good if properly cooked. They must be boiled just long enough; a little over or under cooking will spoil them. A cabbage should have the outer leaves removed, be left in cold salted water for a time, and examined to see that it is free from insects. It must be put in a large quantity of boiling salted water, with no other ingredient, no soda, and the lid must be kept off and the scum removed from the surface of the water. Brussels sprouts take fifteen minutes to cook, and cabbage and cauliflowers fifteen to twenty-five, according to size. They must be served hot.

'The members of the cabbage family can be served in a second-day dish or immediately baked with cheese if desired. The cabbage is first boiled and may or may not be fried brown after. It is placed in a shallow dish, and butter, the proportion of three ounces to a pound, added with a large cupful of stock of brown sauce and a saltspoonful each of salt and pepper. It is stirred well and cheese liberally grated over the top and baked for twelve minutes. These are hearty dishes, but men usually like them.

'Mushrooms should be used more than they are. There is a false idea that they are a dish for the rich, and they are but comparatively little known, even with all that has been said about them within the last few years. Most people only know them as they are found served at a restaurant, little tough, tasteless canned button mushrooms. They can be used in many ways, and help to give variety to the diet.

'An onion dish with cheese is excellent. Large Spanish onions are skinned and boiled until they are quite soft, passed through a sieve, put into a shallow dish with butter, a good quantity of pepper and salt, with a little stock or milk, cheese is grated over them, and they are placed in the oven to bake a good brown.

'There is much waste saved in cooking the pea pods, which give a good stock for the foundation to a soup, and pea croquettes are excellent. In these a little cold ham is used. The peas are beaten to a pulp, mixed with butter, pepper, and salt; the minced ham, different savory herbs to taste, made into croquettes, dipped into egg and bread crumbs, and fried in deep fat.

'After more substantial things here is a pretty delicate tomato ice salad, which is delicious. Take a can of tomatoes— or the fresh ones can be used—put them over the fire with half an onion, a slice of green pepper, if convenient, three cloves, two bay leaves, a sprig of parsley, a teaspoonful of sugar, and pepper and salt to taste. Cook about ten minutes until the onion is tender, take from the fire and press through a fine sieve to remove the seeds. When it is cold it must be frozen like a water ice in a mold, a melon being a pretty one, packed in ice and salt. It is served on a nest of young lettuce leaves, and mayonnaise dressing must be ready for individual service.

'Many people think they cannot eat green corn, but if it is grated they will feel no unpleasant effects. Mock oysters of corn are delicious. A pint of grated corn—or the canned corn ground in a mortar, and pressed through a sieve, can be used—is mixed with a cup of flour, one egg, two ounces of butter, three tablespoonfuls of milk, and salt and pepper to taste. The oysters are dropped from a spoon into the hot fat or frying pan as much in the shape of oysters as possible and served hot with a garnishing of parsley. Corn pudding and green corn griddle cakes are delicious made of the grated corn. A curry of corn will also make a delicious luncheon dish.'—New York 'Times.'

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and ends of the previous day. Grease or food spilled on the shelves should be wiped off. Once a week at least, the refrigerator should be well cleaned. The shelves, being removable, can be scalded and dried in the sun. The sides and floor should be washed with tepid water in which is dissolved sufficient borax or washing soda to make a strong solution. Then it should be rinsed with clear cool water. This is better than hot suds, as ice is not wasted in cooling the box. The waste water tube from the ice chamber is kept open by running through it a stout wire kept for that purpose.

An old zinc-lined refrigerator may be rendered sanitary and sweet by painting inside and out with two coats of white paint and then with the white enamel used for bath tubs. Let dry thoroughly before using.—Selected.

If all my Years Were Summers.

('British Weekly.')

If all my years were summers, could I know
What my Lord means by His 'Made white as snow?'
If all my days were sunny, could I say
'In His fair land He wipes all tears away?'
If I were never weary, could I keep
Close to my heart, 'He gives His loved sleep?'
Were no graves mine, might I not come to deem
The life eternal but a baseless dream?
My winter, yea, my tears, my weariness,
Even my graves may be His way to bless,
I call them ills, yet that can surely be
Nothing but good that shows my Lord to me.

Salads.

Russian salad is extremely appetizing, and all kinds of vegetables are used. beet root, turnip, carrot and potatoes cut into dice, with peas and sliced celery for instance. These are seasoned with salt, pepper, oil, and vinegar, and masked in rich mayonnaise sauce.

To make a Dutch salad mince half a pound of chicken and mix it with about the same weight of soft Dutch cheese and a tablespoonful of pickled cauliflower and gherkin, all coarsely chopped. Take the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs and mash them or rub them through a sieve, moisten with three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and four of oil, with mustard, salt and cayenne for seasoning. Pour this sauce over the mixed cheese and chicken and serve.

Cape Town salad has a Dutch origin, and is a great favorite in South Africa. The following ingredients are required. A cold chicken, two white-hearted lettuces, two dessertspoonfuls of salad oil, two hard-boiled eggs, two teaspoonfuls of mustard, a teaspoonful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and one of cream. Arrange some of the lettuce in a bowl, mince the white meat of the chicken and place it on the lettuce. Rub the yolks of the eggs to a paste with oil, add the sugar, salt, mustard and a sprinkling of pepper, and stir in the vinegar slowly for the dressing. Use the centre leaves of the lettuce as a border and the white of eggs cut into fancy shapes together with beet or tomato, and when just about to serve pour the dressing over all. This salad is particularly recommended as a nice supper or luncheon dish.

Religious Notes.

The King of Wurtemburg has given tax exemption to the Southern Alliance of German Y.M.C.A.'s amounting to 1,500 marks and the freedom from stamp duty when buying ground for Soldiers' Homes.

Baron Takaki says four-fifths of the Japanese boys are now studying English, and that it will soon become the language of Japan.

The head of one of the biggest manufacturing establishments in Worcester, Mass., says that since the Y. M. C. A. has held Bible classes in his shops, the men have done more work and of a better grade.

The ever wide-awake Japanese Endeavorers now have a circulating library, which they loan to Christian Endeavor workers throughout Japan.

There are 138 Congregational churches, each of which is supporting its own foreign missionary under the American Board, and the number is growing. It is the coming method of missionary operation.

The following account of a phase of religious activity in England, with fruitful results, is interesting and suggestive. The correspondent says:

'A religious revival has laid hold upon the workingmen of Lower Edmonton, and it is chiefly due to the exertions of a small band of enthusiasts who make the early trains their preaching ground. The Great Eastern Railway authorities, so far from objecting, cordially support it. A few years ago the workmen from the Edmonton district were the most turbulent on the line. They made vigorous protests against overcrowding in the carriages. Now that the revival has got hold of them their methods have changed. Each morning a small party of the railway evangelists, themselves workingmen, enter a compartment and while the train is on its way to Liverpool street sing hymns, read a portion of the Scriptures, pray and preach. The result has been many converts. Very seldom is any objection made by passengers in the particular compartment selected—which are varied each morning—but it has surprised many not in the secret when Liverpool street is reached to hear the last verse of a hymn sung before the passengers leave their seats. The custom, of course, is a common one in Wales, where frequently on a journey some excellent singing is heard in the railway carriages.'

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